



A WAR SONG.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1861.

FRANK QUEREN.—Dear Sir: In looking over "Woodworth's Poems" a day or two ago, I found an old favorite piece called the "Patriotic Diggers." It was in the war of 1812—when all manner of people turned out to build embankments on Brooklyn Heights—that Woodworth wrote this poem; and thinking it a good piece for the present time, I send it to you, at your option for insertion.

THE PATRIOTIC DIGGERS.

JOSEPH BELL beware,
Keep at proper distance,
Else we'll make you stare
At our firm resistance;
Let alone the lads
Who are freedom tasting,
Recollect our dads
Gave you once a basting.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade,
Crowbar, hoe and barrow,
Better not invade,
Yankees have the marrow.

To protect our rights
Against your flimsy and triggers,
See on Brooklyn Heights
Our patriotic diggers;
Men of every age,
Color, rank, profession,
Arduously engage,
Labor in succession.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

Grandeur leaves her towers,
Poverty her hovels,
Here to join their powers
With the hoe and shovel.
Here the merchant toils
With the patriotic sawyer,
There the laborer smiles,
Near him sweats the lawyer.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

Here the mason builds
Freedom's shrine of glory,
While the painter glides
The immortal story.
Blacksmiths catch the flame,
Grocers feel the spirit—
Printers share the fame,
And record their merit.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

Scholars leave their schools
With their patriot teachers,
Farmers seize their tools,
Headed by their preachers.
How they break the soil!
Brewers, butchers, bakers,
Here the doctors toil,
There the undertakers.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

Bright Apollo's sons
Leave their pipes and labor;
Mid the roar of guns
Join the martial labor;
Round the embattled plain
In sweet concord rally,
And in freedom's strain
Sing the foe's finale!
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

Plumbers, founders, dyers,
Turners, turners, shavers,
Men who work in wires,
Jewellers, engravers,
Cobblers, drapers, players,
Cartmen, hatters, tailors,
Gaugers, seakers, weighers,
Carpenters, and sailors.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

Better not invade,
Recollect the spirit
Which our dads displayed,
And their sons inherit;
If you still advance,
Friendly caution slighting,
You may get, by chance,
A bellying of fighting.
CHORUS—Pickaxe, shovel, spade, &c.

At the end of each verse the Chorus, as I call it, is written out, but I have omitted it for brevity. Yours, &c., H. B. E.

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

As the intruder reached the centre of the room, a something fell upon his ear which appeared to strike him as being far from pleasant. That "something" was nothing more nor less than the noise made by Frightened Bob in coughing his "Smith & Wesson." Instantaneously the stranger dropped upon the floor, and awaited the coming events. He seemed to be uncertain as to what was the cause of the sound; though it sounded marvelously like the lock of a pistol, it might have been only the creaking of the bedstead. All doubts on the subject were soon put to rest, for Bob's arm was extended from under the bed cover, and in his usual bantering tone, in the dark, unspoiled by his peculiar expression of face, saying—"Stranger, do you by any manner of means suppose that you can hold a hoss?"

The stranger rather allowed that he could not; that is, if you take for truth the old saying that silence gives consent, for nary a word did he say.

"You needn't pile it on too thick. You can't scare me, stranger, and you can't fool me very badly; I don't want to scare the house up, so you'd better cut sticks right off."

Still the stranger did not move.

"Curse you! If you want more or tortle, why— you, it's shoot, I suppose."

The man arose from the floor, and stood in the full flush of the moonlight—Bob's pistol still covering him

with its deadly aim. There was nothing of the sneaking scoundrel about him, who, being detected in the attempted commission of some illicit act, immediately becomes a cringing coward. He stood firm and erect, his black eyes glistening like two coals, his lips wreathed with a diabolical smile. Slowly, and with strong emphasis, he said: "You and your friend are running the game a little too close; beware that in trying to hole it you do not get holed yourselves. For the present you are safe—that pistol protects you—but beware of the next time we meet." A leap backward, and with a snap the panel closed again. Nothing was to be seen of the stranger.

"Blast my eyes if this ain't a go!" ejaculated Bob. "Mark C., himself, I reckon. Anyhow, I'd better be making away out of this, if I want to get off clear."

Stern proceeded to dress.

A medium-sized, but good-looking house in a very respectable part of the city, received King Dick, Jem Weston, and the woman, when, after a ride of a number of minutes duration, the hack disgorged its contents. The two men were ushered into the parlor, whilst Lize went up stairs to dress—she had a good-looking face, but her clothes were by no means the best suited for a well-furnished parlor. In Weston, Dick had recognized a person with whom, some years back, he had been acquainted, and with the rip-ahead, don't-care-a-cuss system that had always so eminently characterized him, King had determined to make him a partial confidant, and enlist him, if possible, in his scheme to rescue the girl whom he was in pursuit of. The exclamation of Ben Grimson had also struck him, and he had a sort of idea that perhaps Lize Davenport might know something about the business of Mark C.

The quarter of an hour, therefore, which elapsed whilst Miss Elizabeth was fixing up, King improved by drawing out of Jem where he had been, and what he had been doing for the last couple of years; what was his present business in New Orleans, and anything else that might incidentally come up in his mind. It appeared that Weston had been travelling through the Western States, living pretty much on his muscle. For certain reasons, Chicago became a rather undesirable location for a residence, and so he had struck out on a tour. The evening before he had fallen in with the woman; and to-night—well, he didn't know exactly where they had been; it was some of her business, not his.

King Dick had a way of his own which always made him a trump in those assemblages where he chose to play out, and as he had given Jem a hint beforehand, that person did not evince any jealousy. Notwithstanding the saying that three don't make company, the three got along quite famously together. Lizzie was quite a fast young woman, and her tongue could keep pace with her character, for it ran on with a perfect looseness. She was just an exemplification of a good looking girl, with a fair share of education and accomplishments, through the force of circumstances, run to waste. We know nothing of the causes which first led her from the path of virtue, nor did King Dick attempt to discover them. As far as passion was concerned, our hero appeared a perfect Benedict, and he had entered the house for the purpose of making inquiries concerning the man whom he was tracking, not on legitimate business. What use then, to delve into mysteries, the unfolding of which must cause pain?

"As it concerns me rather particularly, I want to ask you, Jem, whether you have a brother Jack in the profession, and whether he looks anything like me. It's a question that's been running round in my head for some days, and perhaps you can answer it." So said Dick, in what might otherwise have been a pause in the conversation.

"Not any that looks more like you than I do. Nary a brother that I know of. What started you on that course?"

"A little personal experience, that's all."

"And that experience was to make little boys ask questions, was it? Come, if it ain't too hard, out with it for public benefit."

"There's nothing very hard about the affair, only I thought it was a little curious. Came on to St. Louis in a most mighty big hurry, not a soul knew I was coming, for the business was very particular. I got into the city some short time before sundown, went to a hotel with Bob, and got some supper, then started out for a walk. We wandered around the place for some time, when all of a sudden a brace of policemen comes up and pull out some papers, insisting that I am Jack Weston. As I hadn't any time to waste lying in quod, of course I didn't go, but wanted to argue the subject. There was no use talking, I was the man, and must come. Bob hit one and I hit the other, and then made tracks, but nevertheless there appeared to be some little mystery about the affair, which I thought you might perhaps be able to explain."

"Perhaps there is," replied Jem, laughing. "I wouldn't care about explaining it to everybody, either; but we're all friends here, and there's no danger of peaching. We don't look alike more than a giraffe does like an elephant, but they might have run you in for a short time on the head of what I do. You see I came on from Chicago in a most mighty big hurry, as I said before, and by the time I got to St. Louis I was cussedly near strappled, and didn't know how I was going to raise the wind."

"I knew it wouldn't do to stay there more than a day, or I'd be pulled; I didn't care about voyaging it down the river, so I stirred around quite lively. As good luck would have it, who should I come across but Jim Williams; and he was about as hard up as I was. We hadn't met for over a year, so of course we moved on to get something to drink. We went into a saloon and imbibed, and then taking chairs, commenced to spin our yarns. Something had to be done, and we were bound to do something; that afternoon we planned it all out."

"Jim is as good a hand as I ever met with for all work, and we thought, though it's out of our line, that between two 'Jimmies' it would be hard if we couldn't crack one crib, and make a pile big enough to take us on our way rejoicing. If there's any kind of a crossman that I despise, it's a hotel thief; and yet I acknowledge that Jim and I went on such a lay that night."

"I don't care about being too particular about the affair; but I can tell you this much, we made one of the botches that was ever seen. We got into the wrong room, we knocked a wash-pitcher off a chair that a careful cove had planted agin' the door, the man woke up, fired his revolver that he had under his pillow, Jem caught it in the leg, was copped on the dearest kind of a tumble, whilst I cleared out, leaving my overcoat, and a package of letters in its pocket, behind me. Williams just left for State's prison the other day, and I intend to give that city a wide berth for the next year or so."

"Well, I must be going," said Dick, rising, "but before I go I would like to whisper a few words to Lizzie."

Going to one side: "I want to know where I may find the 'Mark' spoken of by the man who was interfering with you in front of the St. Charles."

Instantly Lizzie's expression of countenance changed, and the two conversed earnestly for a time; then Jem Weston was called into council, and the three held an animated discussion.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRETTY LITTLE BOY, BUT HE CAN'T HOLD A HOSS.

A walk in the dark—Bob, from the shadow of a doorway, hears an interesting conversation—How King Dick came to be in St. Louis and New Orleans—Morning—King hears how affairs are beginning to work—Murder, five hundred dollars reward—Wicked—Marker's emissary—Ben Grimson again—How the far flew—Knock down arguments—The police at hand—Caught—Over a back—Those cops can't hold a hoss."

With his hands deeply immersed in his pockets, his hat drawn over his brow till the inner rim almost bandaged his eyes, an individual about the size and weight of Bob Stern came slowly down the street, revolving in his mind the events of the night, and slowly turning over between his thumbs and fingers, a brace of ten dollar gold pieces—as if from their contact he might draw inspiration. It was not morning yet, though not far from it, and most persons at all familiar with the criminal statistics of the city, if left alone in the streets of New Orleans after midnight, would have been for hastening home. Fear, however, did not enter into the composition of Bob's nature, and he closely adhered to a resolution long ago made, never to be in a hurry. Nevertheless, he walked on the shady side of the street, making but little noise, and his ears were ready to catch any sound. He was as yet several squares from the residence of John Rakes, and, indeed, was in no great hurry about getting there before daylight. As he reached a corner he heard the noise made by some one coming along the cross street. A deep doorway could just be discerned, and into this, almost instinctively, Bob encoined himself. It was not that he was afraid, but in his present condition he was not so everlastingly anxious to pick up a quarrel. He did not know what kind of characters were strolling about at four in the morning, and so, if they would, he was willing that they should go past without noticing him.

The steps drew nearer, and Stern could make out that there were at least two persons; and that they were engaged in conversation. The voice of the speaker appeared familiar, and when he came near enough to understand what he was saying, Bob recognised it as that of the fat man who had procured his removal from the boat, at Cairo.

The man was saying, "What's the danger, then? Young Lorrimer has no friends who are influential. The thing will be forgotten in a day in all the bustle and excitement of New York life, the woman can be safely stored away in one of our institutions, and that's an end of it."

"Yes, but Lorrimer has friends," was the answer, given by none other than the man who had attempted to put an end to Stern, scarce an hour before. "That's the curse of it. You're a respectable member of society, and I am not without influence; but the man that backs Lorrimer cares for nothing, and is as cat-livered as the devil himself. The man I pointed out to you on the boat is another; they've found the trail, and won't leave off till we stick them both."

The two had stopped now, and were standing on the corner. Bob was sitting down in the doorstep, making himself as small as possible, for the conversation was decidedly interesting to him. The fat man continued.

"I did not think, Marker, that you would show the white feather in this thing. If it falls through, I'm the deepest in the mire. To be sure, to throw them off the track—how they got on it I don't see—I did something which cost me a closed eye, and a gold watch—curse him! what did he do with it?—but now I don't fear them. It's a big game. Two hundred thousand to be made by getting one girl out of the road."

"D—n it! why don't you have her throat cut at once? It wouldn't be half as expensive, and it would be a cursed sight more effectual."

The fat man did not reply for some minutes. Finally, he said, "Because I've got some conscience, and murder's an ugly word."

"Conscience! bah! Conscience never got a man bread and butter. Get rid of it as soon as possible. I used to have such a thing; but since I went to California I haven't been bothered with it. If you don't kill her, you've got to kill these cursed, intermeddling fools, that must stagger us all the way from New York. And, what's more, if they ain't most almighty careful I'll do it on my own hook. I missed the head one by just ten minutes to-night, and the other one just missed me, because he didn't choose to shoot. I made a botch of it some way or other, or he would have been out of the road sure. I owe them both one, and, d—n them! I'll pay off the bill in full some day."

"Never mind them. It's all arranged. Get her out of the city, and there's an end of it."

"Yes, but there ain't an end of it; and we must mind them. The only way is to get them in quod for a short time, and then cover up the scent, so that when they get out they won't know which way to run."

"And how is that to be done?"

"I've got that all fixed in my head. It's rather risky; but to-morrow night, you'll see them safe in quay. One of them, on the trip down, won a thousand from the best player in the country, that I had set on to strap him. Well, the money was most all queer, and we can have a touch at him as a con-sucker; and if that don't work, I'll have a push at him on suspicion of murder. They have no friends here, and we'll have them arrested and sent up the river."

"Will you?" thought Bob, in the doorway.

The fat man for a couple of seconds remained silent, then replying, "You'll do, Marker."

"Yes, by h—!" but there was a man to-night told me I couldn't hold a hoss. Curse him! I'll show him I can, and put the saddle on, too. But it's getting pretty well on towards daybreak, and you'd better be a pushing on. I don't like standing on corners myself. Just keep your pluck up, and we'll manage to pull through somehow."

"That we will." The two separated, Marker keeping on up the street, the fat man turning the corner, and passing within a few feet of where Bob was listening.

"Not so very d—d sharp!" he muttered, "telling all their plans on the street corner. Perhaps Mr. Marker can't hold a hoss after all." Waiting until the noise of all footsteps had died away, Stern emerged from his place of concealment, and again traveled in the direction of Rakes' house of entertainment.

King had got in by twelve, and Mart Springer was not much behind; but when Bob made his appearance the sun was just rising, and the boy was letting down his first shutter. As the hero of the frightened mug had obtained

some three hours' sleep the night before, he concluded to loaf around the bar room for an hour, and then call up his friend—for the boy, in answer to his inquiry, had informed him that King was in. In the next hour he had ample time for reflection, as the morning customers had not yet commenced to make their calls. Under the invigorating influence, then, of a gin cock tail, he commenced revolving in his mind the statements made on the corner.

Several points became considerably clearer. One was the object in the abduction of Florence Mayfield. There were two hundred thousand dollars to be played for.

Here it may, perhaps, be as well to make a retrospective digression, in order that the reader may have the same light as did Stern, by which to view the conversation.

It will take the reader back to New York.

King Dick had but few intimate acquaintances. Though well known in sporting circles—on the turf and in the ring, at the sporting drums and among the fighting men—and generally understood to be possessed of some wealth, yet of his private history little was known. In one of his rambles he had fallen in with Bob Stern, and they pretty generally travelled together, though Bob knew very little more of his past life than did those about him. King, however, had one friend with whom he was on confidential terms. He was a young man, scarce twenty-three years of age, a clerk in the Custom House department, by name Alfred Lorrimer. How their intimacy originated, it is not necessary here to state; suffice it to say that it had an existence, and that of the closest kind. Although he had never introduced him into the darker mysteries of life Dick had shown Lorrimer around the town, and pointed out the quicksands and shoals which might, if unknown and consequently unguarded against, have swamped him. Lorrimer, in turn, had a particular friend, but this friend was of the feminine gender. Though the mother of Florence Mayfield was poor, yet was she respectable, and Alfred had known them before they moved from the country. Her mother had died about a year before the opening of the story, and six months afterwards Lorrimer had met her at his private boarding house, where she was acting in the capacity of a seamstress. A recognition, a conversation an intimacy and an engagement followed. King Dick knew her by sight, and Frightened Bob from having once knocked down a "gentleman" who had insulted her. One morning, as Dick was starting down the street for a walk, Alfred Lorrimer made his appearance, looking in a very disquieted state. His face was pale, his eyes distended, in his hand he bore an unopened letter. He brought to his friend the intelligence that Florence Mayfield had disappeared. "Yes, gone without a trace of how she disappeared, only this letter, lying by the bed side, and it she never wrote. Gone—lost!"

"What does the letter say?" asked Dick.

"How do I know? I found it there when they told me she had disappeared, and picked it up. It is sealed and directed."

"That's honesty for you," mentally remarked King Dick, but he replied, "Let me see it."

Alfred handed it over, and King, after glancing at the direction, without more ado, tore it open, and read:

"Everything goes right, and you may set your mind at rest as to success. I will arrive at St. Louis on Thursday evening. Meet me at the w. j. r. f. MARK C."

With an emphatic oath, he refolded the paper, and turned to Lorrimer: "What do you intend to do?"

"Do? What can I do? Which way shall I turn? Here am I pinned down to the office; and even suppose I am free, which way shall I turn?"

"Now I'll tell you which way to turn. Just go straight to your office, and tend to your business. This letter is addressed to Joel Baldwin, St. Louis. As it says 'box 0019,' the name is probably fictitious, but still it's a clue. Bob and I shall start on the trail, and see if we can't persuade her to come back. You need not bother your head about it. If we find out she went away of her own accord, she's not worth thinking of; and if she was abducted, if she's above ground anywhere on the earth, we'll bring her back."

Alfred Lorrimer wrung the hand of his friend, and departed. Dick packed his portmanteau, and, with Stern, took the first train for St. Louis, arriving there on Friday afternoon. The reception he met with was by no means flattering for he had been in the city but a few hours when an attempt was made to arrest him, and the same evening followed the row in Johnny Mackles' saloon, with which we opened the first chapter. Thus it happened that King Dick and Frightened Bob were in New Orleans; and it was with these facts in his head that Stern sat cogitating in the bar-room of the tenement leased as a hotel by John Rakes, Esq.

Not very important were the mental conclusions of Bob, for he was not a particularly close reasoner. In matters of this sort he was accustomed to let King Dick do the thinking.

"Let me see. He's going to fetch us on the bogus bill question. That's all right. There ain't a queer thing about us. Nextly, and especially, there's some sort of a dodge that I ain't exactly fly to, which is a going to take us out of the road. It ain't a bad idea, so it ain't, and if we hadn't heard about it there would have been a fair show for the thing to work. Send us up the river on suspicion of murder! That's drawing rather too fine an edge, so it is. It can't be done without bringing in the officers of the law, and that's something the cove would rather not do. It might get him into a— of a scrape when it was found out to be a sell. How's he going to work it? Perhaps he's going to send a couple of men down to carry us off in their blessed arms like a fat nurse does a sick child. If they try it on may be there'll be some sick children amongst the batch before this here world's a day older. A pretty big stake? Yes, yer correct; it's about as big a pot as there's any use in calling for. You're a pretty good pair, but I think we'll be a little sight better—if I know anything about poker, we will."

The entrance of King Dick into the bar-room put an end to his thinking, and Bob greeted his friend with a cheerful "Good mornin', Dick, what kind of a night had you?"

"A pretty good night of it, and one that paid for the time I was out. It sets us to work this morning, though, and I think I've the matter on a string now."

"Well, stave away, and give us your experience. Perhaps the part of the story that you can't tell I can put the fancy touches to, for I caught a glimpse of the elephant myself."

"There ain't much of a story to tell. Had a small row in front of a theatre, saw a cove through, and went off with him and his woman. Had a pretty little time for an hour or so; and what's more, got the street to work in. The woman either didn't quite know the ropes, or else was afraid to pull them, but she told me enough to make a start on."

"Well, do you know where to locate her? Florence is in the city somewhere, and the man that planted that

watch on me, and Marker, are the men that's got her safe under lock and key."

"That's what we knew before; but whereabouts is what we were looking for. It we're right smart—and we're not so very green—we may get through safe."

"You're correct."

"I guess so. To-night we'll just load up our barkers and pitch ahead. We may have to crack a crib, but the gang that hangs out there won't make any fuss over it after we are in. Now tell us what you and Mart were doing last night."—To be continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. AND L., Trenton.—Patches beat Flora Temple in a match of two mile heats, June 12, 1860. The money was awarded to the owner of Patches, although there were some suspicious circumstances connected with the race. In the absence of direct evidence to the contrary, we are to presume that it was a fair test.

CHICAGO, St. Louis.—1. Heenan's health was not good, when he fought John Morrissey. 2. Morrissey "still lives." 3. The habit is a bad one, and when indulged in, in youth particularly, is apt to prevent the full development of the muscle.

B. J. W., 14th Regt., D. C.—The battle between Kelly and Smith, in Australia, was six hours and fifteen minutes in being brought to a termination in favor of the former.

E. B.—Those are private matters with which we are not acquainted. A note to the ladies may be the means of drawing from them some sort of response.

JAMES, Baltimore.—Hurst became champion when he fought and defeated Tom Paddock.

ST. LOUIS.—1. The third hand has no right to touch the cards. 2. It was taken by storm.

A. I. V.—Chris. Lilly and McCoy, fought at Hastings, N. Y., Sept. 13th, 1842.

BILLIARD MATCH IN CINCINNATI.

As announced more than once in the CLIPPER, a billiard match which has created considerable interest in billiard circles, and in the vicinity of Cincinnati particularly, has been on the tapis for some weeks, between Young Deery, a new aspirant for fame in the billiard world, and Phil Tienan, the renowned veteran player of Piquette. Talk ruled high, and speculation was quoted at big figures for some days previous to the match, which took place at McLeod Hall, Cincinnati, on Thursday, 21st inst., for \$500 a side, at the carom game, twelve hundred points up. At the hour appointed for commencement of play, the hall was comfortably filled with a discriminating assembly, among whom were many good billiard players, amateur and professional, including Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh from New York, who went on some days since to witness the debut of the young star. The game at the commencement, was only of an ordinary description, neither player doing anything brilliant. Tienan, however, gradually opened a gap between himself and his opponent, which Deery failed at any time after to close up, so that Tienan had things pretty much his own way, and scored his 1250 points at Deery's 683, nearly two to one, thus winning the match and money in a canter. As a first effort in public at anything, almost always affects the nerves of men, it is possible that young Deery may have suffered from the same cause, hence, probably, his overwhelming defeat. Another match or two may bring him up to the mark. Deery's highest scores were 51 and 41, and Tienan's 109, 97, and 91, the run in which he scored game over. Perhaps Deery will make a match with Mr. Kavanagh, who is now on there; if so, he will take lessons from a master of the cue-ruler art.

A PROFESSIONAL "WHAT IS IT?"—A cranky, miserable, dilapidated specimen of the genus "scribbleman," who has been expelled from cricket clubs, voted a bore by base ball clubs, given the cold shoulder at cold collations, and ignored by all true lovers of manly sports and pastimes, is endeavoring to worm himself into public notice. This fellow pretends to be a "cricket reporter," but a few inquiries gave us a true insight into the character of the man, we refused to employ, or have anything to do with him. At that time he called himself the Professor. Now he is known as the reportorial "What Is It?" He is to be found at ball games whenever there is a probability of a "free set out," or collation; but the "What Is It?" is so well known through his "healthy appetite," that he is seldom permitted, now-a-days, to sponge upon the ball players. He has scribbled for several of our city papers, but he is never kept very long upon any, for his "reportorial" is not long in manifesting itself, and the speedy specimen is soon either kicked or cuffed out, just as he has been kicked and cuffed by ball players. Now and then he gets a chance to scribble a little for those who don't know the fellow, but as he invariably turns up in his "spongy" character, he is soon "squeezed out." This cricketer "What Is It?" is pretty near the end of his tether. He is an ugly old cuss, quarreling with everybody, and always finding fault—a disgrace to any community. A little plainer talk, showing up the "What Is It?" in some of his "widow and orphan transactions," may put the quietus upon this disagreeable old beggar of a "Professor."

THANKSGIVING DAY.—On Thursday of this week, 28th inst., occurs the annual celebration of Thanksgiving, in this and other States, when, we presume, all these who can afford it, will take something extra in the way of solids and fluids, and pass the day in such amusements as comport with their tastes. Should the weather prove fine, out of door sportsmen will have a bout at their favorite pastimes, the whistle circle will divide the honors in the evening with bill, euchre, and other games at cards, and the various places of amusement will turn several honest pennies by catering judiciously thereto, while the children at home will have a romp at blind man's bluff, or some other kindred amusement. We hope that one and all of our readers may have nothing whatever to mar the pleasures of their Thanksgiving day; and in order that as many as possible may be enabled to be truly thankful, we would suggest that those who are fortunate in having enough and to spare, do not forget their poorer neighbor. Thanksgiving on an empty stomach is one of the impossibilities that we hope few, very few will be compelled to suffer under. Plenty of bread and beef, or "livers" and turkey are all essential accompaniments to a well kept Thanksgiving.

SPLENDID BILLIARD PLAYING.—Since Kavanagh's sojourn in Cincinnati, he has played six four ball carom games of 500 points each with Tienan, the former winning four out of the six. The following are the largest runs made by each player. Kavanagh 127, 211, 228, 232, 218 and 320. Tienan 109, 172, 148, 294, 129, 370. These runs were made on a pocket table, which considerably enhances the merits of the playing in the various runs. Kavanagh also played one game of 500 points with Deery, which Kavanagh won by 320 points. Rather a bad beat that. Such runs as are above enumerated, made by such players as Kavanagh and Tienan are known to be, must have been well worth witnessing. The game of billiards appears to be looking up, and we should not be surprised if one or more first class matches were soon to be on the docket.

TALL CRICKET BY ORIGINATED ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—Thos. Hayward has scored 1,498 runs during the past season (1861), in 66 innings, averaging 22 and 46 over; and Robt. Carpenter, 1,392 in 64 innings, averaging 21 and 48 over. The aggregate number of runs scored by Hayward, Carpenter, Dalt and Griffith, is upwards of 5,200; allowing 40 yards for each run (20 for each batsman) would give over 118 miles of hard running, not taking into account the running after the ball by the batsmen. Great cricket, and good exercise indeed!

SKATING.—As the season for this beautiful sport is close at hand, we should be glad if some of our friends would send us the location of the different skating ponds within ten miles of New York, with size of ground and means of access, etc., so that we may place the list before our readers for the public benefit.

FROM THE SACRED SOIL.—Lying on our desk before us is a plank, on which are two cotton bolls, taken from Hilton Head, on the "sacred soil" of South Carolina. The cotton is very fine. The trophy was brought to us by a gentleman engaged in the action at Port Royal.

AARON JONES TURNED UP.—It will be remembered that considerable speculation was indulged in some weeks since, in reference to the whereabouts of the above named redoubtable "Knight of the Fives." By some it was thought that a Col. Jones of an Alabama regiment present at the battle of Bull Run, and Aaron, were one and the same; but it appears that Aaron was not at that memorable military event, neither does he rank so high among the confederates as a Colonel, his soldiering being confined to the limits of Mobile, where he is a member of the city troop. This information we glean from a reliable correspondent of Camden, N. J., the president of a cricket club, whose communication we here give entire for the benefit of those interested.

CAMDEN, N. J., November 21, 1861.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—Dear Sir—I saw your communication in your paper some time since, relating to the whereabouts of Aaron Jones, the noted English pugilist, referring to his position in the rebel army, etc., also stating that he was supposed to have been killed in an engagement. Such, however, is not the case, as a member of the cricket club to which I belong, just escaped from the South, says he still lives at Mobile. My informant belonged to the Eighth Alabama Regiment, now encamped at Yorktown. The manner in which he effected his escape was as follows. On the night of the 21st inst., between twelve and one o'clock, being placed on the outer picket, a half mile in advance of the other pickets, thinking it might be his last chance, concluded to leave, in which he was much favored by the prevailing darkness. He travelled until he arrived at a farm house, where he halted till daybreak, and then proceeded to the camp of the Twenty-third New York Regiment, where he was disarmed and sent to Fortress Monroe, and on being released, returned to Camden on the 20th inst. His connection with the rebel army was a forced one—for being at Mobile at the breaking out of the rebellion, Dobson's choice was offered him, either to go soldiering or to prison. He preferred the former. It was while he was in that city that he saw Aaron Jones, and learned of his connection with the City Troop of Mobile, whose business it is to aid in the protection of the city. My informant further states that Jeff Davis visited the camp of his regiment a few days before he escaped, and told the men to keep in good spirits, as they would be in Washington on Christmas day to dine. Hoping this will allay anxiety in reference to the whereabouts of Aaron Jones, I am, Yours &c.

DAVID MAGUIRE, Pres't of United Cricket Club, Camden, N. J.

The above information is interesting, inasmuch as it informs us in a straightforward manner, where the lost pugilist is, or was, and how the rebel armies are made up, imprisonment or fighting being their only alternative. We hope, for Aaron's fair fame, that his connection with the hostile forces of the South, has been brought about in the same manner, and that if he ever should revisit the North, he will be prepared to substantiate it by facts. One other rich item is contained in the above missive, viz: "That Jeff Davis is to be in Washington on Christmas day to dine." Leave the letter "in" out of the last word in the quotation, and, to our thinking, it would be nearer the mark. Be that as it may, however, it is satisfactory to know that the lost star in the field of arms has been found, and that he was not slaughtered at Bull Run.

BILLIARDS IN BOSTON.—On Wednesday, Nov. 20th, at the Branch Hall of Dr. C. L. Allen, a second match was played between William Goldthwaite, the young champion of New England, and David Pulsifer, for a purse of \$100, the best in 13 games of 100 points each, on a carom table, Goldthwaite again discounting his opponent. As on the former occasion, everything was conducted in the most quiet and gentlemanly manner. The following table exhibits the runs made by each:

GOLDTHWAITE.		PULSIFER.	
Game.	Totals.	Game.	Totals.
1. 4 2 10 0 0 0	10	1. 3 25 2 32	101
2. 57 21 32 0 0 31	121	2. 36 14 0 7 0	83
3. 102	102	3. 7	7
4. 14 6 18 2 4 5	61.115	4. 7 2 20 8 17	70
5. 0 10 19 2 4 23	69.119	5. 0 21 2 0 3 3	101
6. 8 6 15 6 67	118	6. 17 0	17
7. 0 9 6 14	112	7. 0 22 12	34
8. 4 1 2 30 0 96	134	8. 34 0 13 1 (a mis)	2
9. 54 46	100	9. 0	0
Grand total.....1014		Grand total.....512	

REMARKS.—It will be seen that Goldthwaite won the 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th games—making seven games, and a majority of the thirteen. Consequently the remaining four games were not played. The averages were higher than on the occasion of the former match, Goldthwaite's being 23 and Pulsifer's 13. When it is remembered that Phelan's average was but 13½ in his great \$10,000 match with Seeritter, it will be seen that Pulsifer is entitled to rank among the best players in this country, while of Goldthwaite I have nothing more to say—his playing speaks for itself. The eighth game was most intensely exciting, Pulsifer having scored 99 points when he missed counting; Goldthwaite then had but 4 points scored, with the balls lying scattered, near the cushions, yet the youthful champion soon had them together and kept them until he had run the game out. This feat exhibited uncommon strength of nerve for one so young.

SPOT BALL.

A GOOD IDEA.—An enterprising individual in Philadelphia has opened what he calls a "Philotechnic Academy," at which he proposes to instruct classes each evening in a combination of mental and physical studies. On Monday, rhetoric, geology, and military and gymnastic exercises, form the course; Tuesday, etymology and music, with gymnastics, etc.; and so on, the mental studies being varied each evening. The idea is a good one, and eminently adapted to the present time, and we hope Philadelphia will patronize the Professor. It is a notorious fact that Americans, as a general thing, are apt to neglect their physical development while attending to the expansion of their brain, which is a grievous evil, and should be remedied. We have too many "know-everythings" and "do-nothings" in proportion to our population. Let the ratio be diminished. Life is a fight all through, in reference to which we quote the following apt parable of a prominent pugilistic professor: "You can't fight if you don't know how, and its no use a knowin' how, if ye ain't got the muscle." Here we have it, you see, in a nutshell—brains and muscle. A man is a whole fool that has neither, and half a fool when he possesses one without the other, when he might just as well have both. What good is powder without guns, or guns without powder? We tell you, the pugilistic author above quoted has got the thing down to a spot.

BIG BILLIARD CHALLENGE.—Dudley Kavanagh, the promising young billiard player of this city, the Berger of America, who went on to Cincinnati to witness the recent billiard match between Tienan and Deery, publishes a sweeping challenge in the journals of that city, which is evidently intended, however, to reach the case of some western player—Seeritter, Tienan, or Deery, perhaps. Here is the challenge:—

"The undersigned is willing to play any professional billiard player a home and home match at billiards, caroms, on one of Phelan's tables, with balls 23 or 27 1/2 inches in diameter, for \$1,000 a side each match. Sixty days notice required previous to the playing of the match. The above proposition will remain open for six months from this date.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH.

Nov. 21, 1861. 140 Fulton street, New York."

A BIG STAKE.—A foot race took place in California recently, for a stake of \$5,000. The contestants were Carr and Selaga. Thirty thousand dollars are said to have changed hands on the result. See California items in this issue.

GYMNASTIC RECEPTION.—A reception exhibition took place at Brady's Seventh Regiment Gymnasium on the 20th inst. A hop followed, and the affair is said to have been quite lively. Other engagements prevented our being present.

SPARRING.

SPARRING IN TORONTO.—A grand sparring exhibition took place at Curley Reynolds', Toronto, on the 19th, it being given by Charley Sanders and Sam Davis, late of New York city. The buffing began about 7 o'clock. The first was by some very clever amateurs, who got into the roughing thing pretty well, making the stuff fly on both sides. Some oily haired, crane-necked fireman, about six feet two, got into business with a short, thick set person, who got over Mr. Foxman considerably. A very pretty scene then took place between Young Donohoe, one of John J. MacRay's pupils, and Mike Ring, a pupil of O'Malley's, both being favorites with the crowd; they sparred very nicely, Donohoe showing rather more science and hitting somewhat harder than Ring, although Ring was the bigger of the two. By seeing Donohoe you could tell immediately who he learned the many art of, and he has not made very bad use of his lessons; this bout was very good. There were a couple of others, but he refused to show his science to the gaping crowd, who seemed to look forward to such a treat. Then some greenies were thrown in, who made the crowd roar with laughter at their peculiar style; one of them was very fond of getting outside of his antagonist's neck, and pounding him on the seat of his unmentionables. The Doctor, a young sport of the town, was introduced with a friend—one of O'Malley's. This was a very stylish and scientific bout, the Doctor hitting his opponent in a very peculiar manner on the short ribs, which the other did not seem to understand; but he in return hit the Doctor

on the neck. It ended in the Doc, drawing his opponent's claret. The long looks for wind-up between Sanders and Davis now came, Sanders being a good bit the bigger and stouter man, but Davis was quick as steam, which made up for the other's weight; they had a pretty long tussle, Davis seemingly giving the best counter-buffing, which some of the spectators thought very pleasing to look at, but not to feel. But we suppose that is the style in New York. They then finished the proceedings with a very pretty rally into a corner, which looked rather rough. All hands applauded, well pleased, to Jimmy Peardon's to libbie.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Charley O'Hare is to take place at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street, on Friday evening, December 13, when he expects to be able to give an entertainment in the festive line, that shall be more than commensurate with the price of admission.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-11

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-11

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-11

PRIZE FIGHT NEAR MILWAUKEE.

FELIX MCSORLEY AND GEORGE EAGER THE CONTESTANTS. A STAMPEDE.

FRIEND QUINN.—An impromptu and lively little mill came off in the vicinity of this, the city of bricks, yesterday, the 14th inst., the particulars of which I trust will not be uninteresting to the readers of the CLIPPER. The match was for fifty dollars a side, and the disparity in the size of the men lent a greater interest to the mill. The principals were George Eager, alias the Third Ward Slasher, seconded by McBride, of Chicago, and a gentleman unknown to me; and Felix McSorley, better known as the "Milwaukee Pet," who was waited upon by Geo. Sloan, alias Buffalo Joe (whose bills are up for an exhibition to come off on Saturday, the 16th inst.) and Jim Barnes, of St. Louis notoriety.

Eager is a well built man, standing five feet seven inches, and weighing 160 lbs., and I believe, was never inside the ring before as principal. McSorley is a light weight, five feet four and a half inches in height, and weighing 135 lbs.; yesterday was his initiation in the pugilistic circle. Neither of the men were in good fighting condition, as the match was made only the day before, arising from an unsettled dispute of previous date.

Early yesterday morning the place of meeting was whispered about among the fancy, and soon after, hacks, carriages, and conveyances of every description were seen leaving in the direction of Oak Creek, a small town on the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad, ten miles from the city.

Your correspondent being among the last to leave, arrived upon the ground at eleven o'clock, and found the ring arranged and everything in readiness awaiting the appearance of the contestants. It seemed as if Nature, anticipating the event, had done her utmost to decorate and put in order the most beautiful twenty-four foot square it has ever been the pleasure of your correspondent to behold. The ground outside of the ropes, and the surface of the arena, a frozen pond, immediately adjoining the highway, in a small wood, and had never yet been broken by the ploughshare.

At 12:30, McSorley's cap made its appearance in the ring, and was immediately followed by the owner, which was the signal for long and prolonged cheers for the little pet. The impatient crowd was not kept long in suspense, Eager making his appearance a few moments later, entering the ring in an easy, careless manner, and the few and suppressed cheers that greeted his appearance at once convinced outsiders that the sympathies of the spectators were, as usual, with the smaller man; and which, I believe, is in accordance with the laws of human nature; at once convincing me that however fair and legal the thing was conducted inside, Eager would not get a fair shake outside of the ropes. On "peeing" the disparity in the size of the men was more apparent than before, and it was plain that if McSorley won the fight it would be owing to his superior science and powers of enduring punishment.

All being in readiness, the referees, time-keeper, and judge having been chosen without that contention usual in most such events, the men came to the scratch, shook hands and retired to their respective corners to await the call of time, which was given a moment afterwards, when both came up lively and apparently eager for the fight.

ROUND 1. On putting up their hands, a smile of satisfaction and self-assurance settled upon the face of Eager, and remained until the close. Nearly two minutes were lost in feinting and parrying, when Eager let go the left hand, which seemed to be a shot straight at the nose of the little one, drawing the claret in large quantities, forcing him to the ropes, when he closed. McSorley uttered.

4. Up to this time Eager had the thing all his own way, but on nearing the scratch a look of determination settled upon the face of the little one, which he left at the left corner, his hand on the hip, and the referee, for immediately after, by landing a hot one on the forehead of his opponent, staggering him and sending the claret flying in all directions, drawing him to his corner, and using his maw's like sled dogs hammers. Eager ended the round by closing and falling heavily on his man. [Cheers for the little one, and offers of twenty to ten on him.]

5. McSorley had the best of this round, landing his right and left with terrible effect on the mark and ribs, forcing his man to the ropes as in the preceding round, when Eager put a stop to his punishment by throwing and falling heavily on his man.

6 and 7. Same as the fifth.

8. Eager getting his second wind, came more lively, and closed the round by a right hook on the left ear, sending the little one to grass. A first knock down claimed and called for Eager.]

9. Both playing away merrily, McSorley on the ribs and breast, and Eager on the neck, when the little one received a terrible right-hand on the left ear, knocking him off his pins.

10. A terrible round of give and take, neither one getting the best of it. Eager closing the round by falling heavily on his man. This line one at the scratch "one time," Eager coming up slow, and apparently out of wind. McSorley opened the ball by a shot on the mark, drawing his man to the ropes, when he delivered a beautiful upper cut with the left under the left eye, knocking him down, and then coolly walked up to him, and gave him the right under the right eye. The claim of foul was instantly demanded, and amid the din and confusion time was called. McSorley at the scratch; Eager came up, but was immediately taken away by his seconds, who claimed the fight. At this time one of the most shameful and cowardly acts that I have ever been my lot to witness was perpetrated by one of Eager's seconds throwing up the sponge. At the same time a cry of "Police!" was heard, and a blue overcoat was seen to vanish through the wood, but whether it contained the person of your humble correspondent dependent hath not. Thus ended the fight; as quickly closed as begun.

Of McSorley too much cannot be said in his praise. He is as game a little man as ever stepped in a twenty-four foot ring, and with proper care and attention he is destined to rank second to none of his weight in the line of the war. Eager, by giving more attention to science, will be no mean man in the ring.

P. S.—The judge has not yet decided to whom to give the fight. By giving your decision you will confer a lasting obligation on your friends and supporters in Milwaukee. It stands thus—the foul blow was given by one, and a half-minute after the sponge was thrown up for the other. The second claim that Eager told him to throw it up, but I am of the opinion that he did not.

P. S.—There, another match on the tapis between Jim Burns and Mike Carrol, the particulars of which I will give in due time. MONROE.

ANOTHER REPORT.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following from another correspondent. It is seen that the fight ended in a draw, and we do not consider it politic to interfere.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 20, 1861.

MR. QUINN.—No doubt you have received some information in regard to the late fight in this neighborhood by this time, but in case you have not, I will give you an outline. The contestants' names are Felix McSorley and George Eager, the first weighing 126 lbs., and the latter 170 lbs. There were some sixteen to eighteen rounds fought, and in the course of the fight Eager struck three foul blows, which the referee did not consider were deliberate fouls, and in the last round, McSorley struck one, which he regarded in the same light. On time being called, Eager went to the scratch; and when there, turned around and said he would fight no more, and went to his corner, when his seconds threw up the sponge. About two minutes after the sponge was thrown up, the police made a descent upon the party, and arrested the principals and their seconds, who were fined \$25 each. The day after, the stakeholder, with the umpires, waited upon the referee, when he decided the fight in favor of McSorley, upon which the umpire, for Eager, threatened to sue him if he gave up the money. Now I believe, if the referee's decision was just, and secondly, if the stakeholder was justified in withholding the stakes. FAIR PLAY.

P. S.—The seconds of McSorley were Joe Bean and Jim Burns, and for Eager, Pat McBride and Johnny O'Brien.

AN OFF HAND PUGILISTIC MATCH was made at the house of Mr. Wm. Clark, No. 189 Laurens street, a few evenings since, between two pugilists named Dorey and Holleywood, for \$50 a side. The fight is to take place on Monday, Dec. 9th.

A LITTLE MILL AT MONTREAL.—The parties concerned in this affair are the ventriloquist John O'Kane and the popular Tom Cook. For a length of time a species of hidden jealousy has existed be-

tween the "fanciers" named, owing principally to the similarity of their occupations, acknowledged hard hitters, although Cook, by the way, is a colored gent. However, both pugilists paid a visit to Alf Emmerton's kennel, for the purpose of inspecting the canine capacities for destructiveness of the two 30 lb. bull terriers, which Alf has in course of training for Billy Malone's amphitheatre, the sporting Tom Dorey. During the conversation that transpired relative to the dogs, O'Kane gave Cook the lie, and a fighting one at that. Cook then challenged O'Kane on the spot, but O'Kane refused to fight unless for \$50, which terms Cook ultimately complied, asserting that he was always ready to fight O'Kane for love or money, and the affair took place immediately after in the yard adjoining the kennel, the usual spectators having been collected. Billy Malone officiated as second to O'Kane, and Alf acted for Cook. The fight lasted 37 minutes, and was most severe throughout. Towards the end O'Kane got the better of his opponent, feeling which, Cook contrived to close and throw the ventriloquist, striking him while down, and thereby losing the battle. O'Kane and Cook have since been arrested, and held to bail for disturbing the peace, the former offering a bold resistance by beating officer Bissont in a manner startling to behold. Billy Malone and Alf Emmerton have who been before the Police Magistrate, as accessories, Billy vowing that very little would induce him to eat his worship, and Alf swearing that on the first opportunity he would chop him into dog's meat.

BALL PLAY.

CONSTITUTIONAL VS. WAVELEY.—On Monday, Nov. 18, these Brooklyn clubs met on the grounds of the Atlantic club, to decide the question of the championship between them, and the result was a decided victory for the Constitutionals, who have come off victorious in every contest this season. The last match of this series of games will be played on Thanksgiving Day, between the Constitutionals and Resolute. The match of Monday last was not as well played by the Constitutionals as others they have taken part in this season, but this we attribute to the coldness of the day, it being impossible to field with any success when the hands are encumbered with cold. Nevertheless, there was good play shown in several instances; that of Lockwood, and Sutton, of the Constitutionals, being the best on the winning side, and that of Smith, Carter, and Chilton, on that of their opponents. In batting, N. Smith, Sutton, and Thomas took the lead on behalf of the former club, and McCullough and Chappell made the best score on the part of the Waverley. But the following score gives full particulars, and to that we refer—

CONSTITUTIONAL.		WAVELEY.	
NAMES.	R. I. RUNS.	NAMES.	R. I. RUNS.
Thomas, 1st b.....	2	Smith, c.....	4
N. Smith, 2d b.....	0	Carter, 1st b.....	2
Moore, s.....	4	McCullough, 2d b.....	1
Sutton, c.....	1	Chappell, r. f.....	1
Richardson, p.....	4	Coyne, i. f.....	4
Caruthers, o.....	3	Helfern, c. f.....	4
Lockwood, 3d b.....	3	Duff, c.....	2
Mager, r. f.....	5	Stoddard, 3d b.....	1
Decoudres, 1st b.....	4	Chilton, p.....	3
Total.....	35	Total.....	14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.		Total.	
1st	2d	3d	4th
Constitutional.....	3	2	2
Waverley.....	4	1	0

FIELDING.		Fly B'd Base Total.	
NAMES.	R. I. RUNS.	NAMES.	R. I. RUNS.
Thomas.....	0	Smith.....	3
N. Smith.....	1	Carter.....	1
Moore.....	1	McCullough.....	0
Sutton.....	3	Chappell.....	0
Richardson.....	2	Coyne.....	1
Caruthers.....	0	Helfern.....	2
Lockwood.....	1	Duff.....	0
Mager.....	0	Stoddard.....	0
Decoudres.....	0	Chilton.....	2
Total.....	10	Total.....	12

HOW PUT OUT.		Fly B'd Base Total.	
NAMES.	R. I. RUNS.	NAMES.	R. I. RUNS.
Thomas.....	1	Smith.....	3
N. Smith.....	1	Carter.....	1
Moore.....	0	McCullough.....	0
Sutton.....	0	Chappell.....	0
Richardson.....	0	Coyne.....	1
Caruthers.....	2	Helfern.....	1
Lockwood.....	3	Duff.....	0
Mager.....	0	Stoddard.....	0
Decoudres.....	0	Chilton.....	3
Total.....	7	Total.....	9

Passed balls on which bases were run—Smith, 9; Lockwood, 2. Catches missed on the fly—Moore, 1; Caruthers, 1; N. Smith, 2; Decoudres, 1.

Catches missed on the bound—Stoddard, 2; Thomas, 1.

Time left on bases—N. Smith, 1; Sutton, 1; Richardson, 2; Caruthers, 3; Lockwood, 2; 3; Duff, 1; Stoddard, 1.

Time of game—two hours and forty minutes.

Umpire—R. Seirsoth, of the Atlantic Club.

Scorers—For Constitutionals, W. L. Foster; Waverley, R. E. Boyd.

A NOVEL BASE BALL MATCH.—A match was played on the Star grounds, South Brooklyn, on Saturday, Nov. 16th, which was somewhat of a novelty in ball playing. The individual who arranged the details of the game, christened it the "Donkey Match," but why it should have been so denominated we have not yet been able to learn. At any rate, it proved to be an exceedingly interesting race between a well paid one, too, for the fielding on both sides was as good in some respects as any we have seen this season. All of the players originally selected to take part in the game were not present, but enough were on hand to make up very good nines, the players on both sides being chosen by lot, one side being known as Skunks, and the other as Fairbanks. The players engaged in the match were from the Atlantic, Excelsior, Star, Hamilton, Peconic, Waverly, Olympic and Niagara clubs, and included the names of several excellent fieldmen. The novel features of this match were, the side making the last number of runs won the

CRICKET IN 1861.

BOAT RACE IN BOSTON, MASS.—A boat race came off there Tuesday night, Nov. 21st, between the four oared boats Quicksilver and Hickory. The race, which was for one hundred dollars each, came off in the afternoon, at two o'clock. It was a very fine display of aquatic sport, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The weather proved very favorable. The betting stood two to one on the Quicksilver before the race, and at the start it was two to one on the same boat, and no wakers. The crew of the Quicksilver are a very able bodied set of men. Their names are John Hur, Robert Conroy, James Swan, and George Faulkner. Those who rowed the Hickory are William Finn, Michael Finn, Thomas Johnson, and David Johnson. The time made, distance three miles, was 22 minutes 56 seconds by the Quicksilver; by the Hickory, 29 minutes 32 seconds. The Quicksilver showed the Hickory 20 seconds at the finish they therefore beat the Hickory handsomely 32 seconds. Thus winning the race and money. The judges were General Duley, Captain Tracy and Mr. Money. The judges were General Duley, Captain Tracy, Daniel Kane, and Daniel Madden; James Brennan referee.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoranda, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE.
 47th Street, 472 Broadway, above Grand Street.
 NINTH SEASON—GRAND RE-OPENING OF THE WORLD RENOWNED BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
 MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5th, 1881. The Hall has been most beautifully decorated, re-painted, new scenery, &c., &c.
 The company this season will comprise the following popular artists:—

S. C. CAMPBELL, the favorite vocalist.
 EPH BORN, J. GARATUGA, T. GETTINGS,
 G. S. FOWLER, FRANK LESLIE, N. W. GOULD,
 T. J. PEEL, J. MORRISON, J. H. SIVORI,
 W. L. HOBBS, J. W. HILTON, and JAPANESE TOMMY,
 Under the direction and management of
 NEIL AND DAN BRYANT.
 A new variety of songs, dances, burlesques, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. 17c

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.
 483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
 One door below Broome Street.
 THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD!
 BEHOLD THE TALENT AND VERSATILITY CONCENTRATED AT BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.

THE GREAT CARLO TROUPE,
 Consisting of SIGNOR FELIX CARLO, and his three sons, the most wonderful Gymnasts and Fantomists of the age.
 CLARA HARRINGTON,
 The Accomplished Vocalist.
 THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.
 MISS ERNESTINE DE FABER,
 The beautiful and talented Vocalist, Actress and Dancer.
 MISS LIZZIE ROBERTS, the accomplished Vocalist.

BILLY BIRCH, BEN COTTON,
 TONY PASTOR, D. PRICE,
 M. AINSLEY, and J. PIERRE,
 THE SHULZ SISTERS.
 MISS KATARINA, MISS IDA ROSS.
 THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!

MONS PAUL BRILLANT.
 Also, Signor Carlo's great Fantomist of
 THE FIEND OF THE BURNING LAKE;
 or,
 THE ENCHANTED PALACE OF MESROU.

ADMISSION:
 Dress Circle and Parquet... 25 cts. Gallery... 15 cts.
 Orchestra Chairs... 35 cts. Private Boxes... \$4.00
 ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. BROADWAY 444
 THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
 IMMENSE ATTRACTION.
 FULL AND TALENTED COMPANY!

CHARLEY WHITE, FANNIE STEWART,
 G. WARREN, HARRY LESLIE, W. WEST,
 BILLY QUINN, M. TURNER,
 PAUL BRILLANT and BALLET TROUPE,
 MISS KATE LESLIE,
 MISS AGNES CLARE, MISS MILLIE FLORA,
 MISS KATE HARRISON, MISS MARY BLAKE,
 MISS F. MONTELL, MISS ANNIE HARRISON,
 MISS MILE VIOLE, MISS E. MONTELL.

BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY.
 Led by MR. JOHN CANDER.
 32nd GEORGE R. EDISON, Stage Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL.
 RACE STREET, between 2d and 3d streets, PHILADELPHIA.
 Cheapest and best place in Philadelphia.
 EVERY ARTIST A STAR.
 GREAT CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.
 DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
 The Boneless Wonder, or Multiform Man.

SAM LONG, L. SIMMONS, C. GARDINER,
 W. ALLEN, MIKE MCKENNA,
 MONS EDWARD VILLARIN, and his three sons,
 MILE CLARA, MISS JULIA CHRISTINE,
 MISS CLARA, MISS JULIA MORTIMER,
 MISS KATE FRANCIS, LIZZIE ROBERTS.

THE GREAT BALLET CORPS OF
 TWENTY YOUNG LADIES.
 Grand Matinee every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
 Admission—Parquet, 25 cts.; Gallery, 15 cts.
 ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Proprietor.
 W. BUTLER, Acting Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
 OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
 GRAND RE-OPENING MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.
 MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS.
 Respectfully announce that they will commence their
 FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE.

THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMODELED, ENLARGED,
 AND BEAUTIFIED; STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF
 SCENERY, TRUPE, AND STAGE EFFECTS.
 The company consists of the following talented artists:
 LON MORRIS, CARL TROUTMAN,
 BILLY MORRIS, E. KELLY, AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
 JOHNNY PELL, R. SANDS, F. P. ENDRES,
 J. C. TROWBRIDGE, ROLLIN HOWARD, JED HESS,
 E. W. PHEASANT, J. C. REEVES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
 R. S. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
 Nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past
 favors. LON MORRIS, Manager. 31

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
 NOW IN EUROPE.
 Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
 ANNALS OF MINSTRELS.

THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:
 H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,
 J. H. DULEY, LITTLE BOBBY,
 W. T. EMERSON, M. LEWIS,
 J. BURGESS, W. BLAKENEY,
 RUDOLPH HALL, D. W. REEVES,
 J. H. KELLOGG, J. A. BASQUIN,
 B. MALLARD, J. W. ADAMS,
 JAMES UNSWORTH, MASTER EUGENE.

Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24 3m

MAQUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 Proprietor and Manager. MR. T. MAQUIRE.
 Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
 Prices of Admission:
 Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats... One Dollar.
 Parquet... 50 Cents. Gallery... 25 Cents. 31

Professional should bear in mind that Mr. Maquire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments is sure to be of benefit to all those who engage with Mr. Maquire.

BURTON'S VARIETIES, BROOKLYN.
 Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
 SAAC BURTON, Proprietor.
 L. B. PACKARD, Treasurer.
 W. BORDWELL, Stage Manager.

NEW FACES! NEW ACTS! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
 We wish to draw the old motto—FUN WITHOUT VULGARTY.
 New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 31-M

THE LARGEST
 CLARRY & REILLEY,
 (Successors to John E. & N. D. ENGRAVERS,
 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
 Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
 FANCY SHOW BILLS.
 For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
 WOOD CUTS
 Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
 A deposit required on all work ordered.
 All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 26

BOWERY THEATRE.
 S. P. STICKNEY, Lessee and Manager.
 STICKNEY'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS.
 Being the only Circus Company now performing in the United States.
 ALL THE EQUESTRIAN TALENT IN THE COUNTRY.
 PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK,
 ALSO
 ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Consisting of
 HORSEMANSHIP,
 STARTLING AERIAL FEATS,
 ELEGANT GYMNASTICS, POSES, AND TABLEUX.
 By the first Riders and Artists in the Profession.
 Doors open at 7 1/2; performances commence at 7 3/4 o'clock.
 Boxes 25 cents; 1st 12 cts.; Gallery 10 cts.; Balcony Chairs 50 cents.
 Children admitted to Boxes at the Afternoon performances for 15 cents. 31-M

CONNOR & POOLE'S CONCERT, THEATRICAL AND LITERARY AGENCY. 482 Broadway, Room 7—Male and Female performers of acknowledged ability can always obtain city engagements by addressing as above, enclosing red postage stamp.
 31-M

WOODROFFE'S
 ORIGINAL BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS,
 With their celebrated
 LOW PRESSURE GLASS STEAM ENGINE.
 Are still at MUSICAL HALL, BROOKLYN. The largest, most talented, and ONLY complete Exhibition of the kind in the world.
 The Troupe is composed of the following talented Artists:
 MR. C. A. WOODROFFE, the Champion Glass Blower;
 MR. W. M. WOODROFFE, the World Renowned Glass Worker;
 MR. C. A. WOODROFFE, the Lady Glass Worker;
 MR. E. H. GARTNEY, the great Philosophical Glass Blower;
 MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, the Fancy Glass Worker;
 MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, the Lady Glass Blower;
 MONS DE MOUTHE, the Venetian Fancy Glass Worker;
 F. PARROT, the Fancy Designer, Water. Prof. PANOWO, Pianist.
 WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD, AND DEFTY COMPETITION.
 WILLIAM WOODROFFE, Business Manager.
 E. J. WHITE, Agent.

32-2 LODGE ROOM, A O O F S.
 PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 15, 1881.
 At a Stated Meeting of the Actors' Order of Friendship, Shakespear, held as above, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

L. R. SHEWELL, President.
 THOS. A. BECKETT, Vice President.
 JOHN PAUL, Treasurer.
 ALEX. FISHER, Secretary.

All absent Brothers are requested to send their address immediately to the Secretary. Also, all persons having business with the Association. As many persons have been using the name and credit of this Association (since their expulsion) thereby bringing discredit upon it, it has been resolved to publish the correct list of all members, at this date.

Joseph Jefferson, Thos. A. Becket, John Drew, Geo. V. Bowers, John A. Keller, Alex. Fisher, Wm. Naylor, H. L. Bascorn, Wm. C. Rogers, Cyrus Carson, H. C. Ryan, F. Chippendale, Wm. H. Bailey, Thos. McKoon, John Paul, Edwin Adams, Lewis Baker, Jer. Merrifield, L. R. Shewell, Geo. W. Johnson, J. B. Phillips, Jas. Parker, T. C. Greene, Geo. L. Aiken, Wm. Wheatley, W. F. Wallcut, W. A. Wood, Jos. L. Barrett, Jas. B. Roberts, Geo. W. Gile, D. E. Ralby, Jas. P. Porter.

Any information concerning this Brotherhood will be cheerfully given by any of the above named gentlemen.

ALEX. FISHER, Sec'y A O O F S.
 33-11 No. 111 South 10th st., Philadelphia.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
 These eminent Artists are now fulfilling an engagement at the
 WINTER GARDEN,
 To overflowing house and have created a
 GREATER FURORE

than even at their reappearance on their return from Europe. Their recent triumph in Boston is only exceeded by this, their present engagement, where hundreds are nightly compelled to suffer a disappointment in consequence of the crowds that throng the Theatre.

The performances of this week consist of the famous drama of
 ALL HALLOW EVE,
 The immensely popular Burlesque of the
 MAGIC JOKE,
 and the hide splitting Farce of
 BARNEY THE BARON.

Seats may be secured daily at the office for three days in advance. 33-11

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
 THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE WORLD.
 NEW YEAR'S CALLS.
 Will be repeated this Monday evening, introducing
 THE GREAT SKATING SCENE AT CENTRAL PARK.

First time of
 MONS. DUVERNEY.
 The Celebrated Contortionist,
 who has been engaged for a limited period.

J. H. RUDWORTH, in new Banjo Solos and Songs.
 SIG. ABECCO, BYRON CHRISTY,
 MR. S. BUDWORTH, in new Songs, Speeches and Acts, every night.
 The celebrated duet singers,
 MILE. MARIETTA RAVEL, and ADELAIDE PRICE,
 in Spanish and fancy dances.

THE CANTERBURY MINSTRELS,
 the most powerful organization of the kind in the country.
 Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 7 1/4 o'clock.
 FOX & CURRAN, Proprietors. 33-11

CONCERT, THEATRICAL AND LITERARY AGENCY, 482 Broadway, Room No. 7.—Wanted immediately, for the National Theatre, Boston, a full Concert Company. Apply, from 10 to 2 o'clock, as above, to WILLIAM B. ENGLISH, Manager, or
 33-11 CONNOR & POOLE, Agents.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Mrs. John Wood, Margie Mitchell, Marietta, Galetti, Mary Shaw, Miss Hinkley, Sig. Susini, Miss Kellogg, Brigoli, T. D. Rice, Eph. Hore, Dan Bryant, S. C. Campbell, Geo. Christy, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Blake, C. Fisher, Mrs. Hovey, Lester Wallack, Miss Horevich, Julia Daly, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Brown, Ione Burdett, Mrs. Leighton, Lady Houch, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Skerrett, J. H. Ogden, Adah Isaacs Menken, Piccolomini, Harry Pearson, Sam Cowell, Mrs. J. H. Allen, W. E. Burton, John Brougham, Sallie Bishop, J. B. Booth, Edwin Booth, John Wilkes Booth, Mrs. Bowers, Vingut Bowers, James Combs, J. S. Clarke, F. S. Chanfrau, A. H. Davenport, E. Eddy, R. Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, John Gilbert, Wm. Goodall, W. H. Hovey, Joe Jefferson, Geo. Jordan, La. Keene, A. A. Clifton, and hundreds of others. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid. Catalogue sent on receipt of a stamp, by
 33-11 D. G. CUNNINGHAM, 122 Nassau st., N. Y.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS
 CAPT. SMITH'S THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL, ALBANY.
 CARTER'S ZOEAIE CHILDREN.
 "SEVEN SISTERS."

Are in the third week of the most truly successful engagement ever made by any Star or Troupe in Albany.
 "The Infant prodigies, Seven Sisters, are truly wonderful."—Albany Knickerbocker.
 "The Zoëaie Drill as performed by them, is the most finished tactics we have ever seen."—Express.

"The Seven Sisters are justly popular."—Argus.
 "Tremendous excitement—dense crowd congregated to witness the performance of the Seven Sisters—\$150 turned from the doors."—Times and Courier. 33-11

CONCERT, THEATRICAL AND LITERARY AGENCY.
 Wanted immediately, full and efficient companies for the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Albany, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago. Also, a good Agent for delivering lectures, (a Manager preferred.) Apply as above, from 10 till 4 o'clock, to
 33-11 CONNOR & POOLE, Agents.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, (LATE OF NIBLO'S GAIETY.)
 R. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
 Proprietors and Managers.

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, BROADWAY, OPPOSITE BOND STREET.
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
 The well known Stars of the Profession:—
 G. W. H. GRIFFIN, CHARLEY FOX, DAVE REED,
 J. CHILDS, L. MCNALLY, E. J. MELVILLE,
 Supported by a selected Corps of
 VOCAL, INSTRUMENTAL AND TERPSICHOEAN ARTISTS.
 For particulars see small bills. 29-11

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES.
 PITTSBURGH, PA.
 Sole Proprietor... BEN TRIMBLE.
 Acting Manager... W. B. CAVANAGH.

THE COMPANY THIS WEEK
 MISS IDA DUVAL, MISS FANNY DENHAM,
 MISS C. T. SMITH, MISS MARIAN SMITH,
 MISS EMMA SCHILL, and MILE LEONETTA.

C. T. SMITH, W. A. ROUSE, Professor G. W. KIRBY and SON, E. DEHAVEN, J. HART, J. H. DOUGHERTY, J. H. CARLE, H. FITZGERALD, and BILLY CAVANAGH.

First class performers wishing engagements will direct as above. 33-11

JOHN W. WHISTON, HUMORIST
 AND
 DELINEATOR OF FETTERED CHARACTERS.
 ENGAGEMENTS MADE AFTER DEC. 20th, 1881.
 TERMS—\$25.00 per night, or half the receipts.
 Address care of FRANK QUEEN.
 29-31 Clipper Office, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS—COL. T. ALSTON BROWN, having returned to the city from a tour of six months through the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and the Province of Canada, is prepared to negotiate with any "Star" or Troupe to travel as business Agent for the ensuing season. Is well posted in all the duties pertaining to an Agent. Address him at this office.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [30 3m] H. ROURA, President.

JOHN TULLY, Negro Serenader, is called for by friends in Wilmington, Del. Tully is a banjo player and ballad singer, and well known to the public in New York. Those knowing the address of Mr. Tully will please send the same to the CURRAN office. 33-11

WANTED—A Leading Juvenile Lady, also, a Walking Gentleman, and two good Utility People, young. Must be prepared to dress business respectably. Engagements for five months. Address WILLIAMS & WOOD, 33-2 Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill.

JAS. E. ROBINSON, comic singer, late of Australia and California, is requested to send his address to the CURRAN office. 33

MISS ADAM ISAACS MENKEN, having concluded a most brilliant engagement of three weeks at DeBar's Theatre, in St. Louis, Mo., will open at the Louisville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Monday, 23th inst., for two weeks; and at Wood's Theatre in Cincinnati on Dec. 24th for three weeks.

N. B.—Miss Menken begs to say in reply to the numerous letters received from managers, that her engagements are all made up to the first of March.

NEW THEATRE, POKEPSIE—Wanted for a season of six months, commencing December 20th, 1881, a good first class company. Also, a good danceuse. Address, G. S. SEXTON, Pokepsie, N. Y., Business Manager. 33-21

CLIP SUMMARY.
 MONDAY, NOV. 25, '81.

There was a slight evidence during the past week of a letting down in business; that is, a falling off from the splendid trade that has been doing ever since the present season opened; for notwithstanding that the war has had its effect upon nearly all matters not directly connected with the theatre, it is an astonishing fact that theatrical and kindred amusements have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure. As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure. As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

As the holders of the theatre and managers have not felt the pressure, but, if anything, have done better, so far, this season, than they did last—this as a general thing, taking concert saloons, theatres and minstrel halls, altogether. Now, as we said before, there is a tendency downward. This may be owing to a want of something really new, or it may be the first admonitions of the war pressure.

"Fast Women of Modern Times" was the attraction at the New Bowery last week. It was present on the 20th, when there was a fair attendance. Business through the week has been moderate. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have had a fortunate week of it, at the Winter Garden. They opened on the 18th to a house almost full in every part,

DUMPS' FIGHT;

OR,

HOW HE JERKED HIS OPPONENT INTO A CESS POOL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JUPITER, JR.

READER, did you ever hear tell of Dumps—Dumps, the naturalist, botanist, and astronomer, *soi disant*? If not, he is worth getting acquainted with.

Dumps was an odd character in his way—dogs he gloried in, cats he detested. Dumps in his primitive days was an admirer of field sports, and a patron of the turf; he also was a cock-fighter, and in the latter period of his life, practised medicine; for, possessing a limited knowledge of the virtues of camomile flowers, reubarb, buchu leaves, arrow root, wormwood, etc., he set himself up as a village doctor.

Dumps was immense on politics, and could, by his penetrating wisdom, foretell the names of the lucky candidates before election day, and with that marked degree of "truthfulness" peculiar to the prophets of the British Turf before Derby Day.

Dumps, though a little out of gear for a pugilist, could fight some—take his own part, and square himself artistically before an opponent.

Dumps—we must owe it to his state of bachelorhood—was an irate and eccentric old chap, and at seasons, like individuals afflicted with gout, an angry word from his best friend would throw him into a whirlwind of passion.

One day, it was in fly time, when those little house pests flutter about one's ear, Dumps, after spoiling a quantity of blood pudding to appease his great appetite, dozed off into a quiet nap, as was his custom; and he had not long been enjoying the flighty scenes of the land of Nod, when a little mouse, tempted by the savory smell of the room, came from his hiding quarters, and stealing along the floor, began to devour such crumbs as lay upon the boards. Finding no opposition from the sleeper, and allured by the more tempting repast to be enjoyed at Dumps' finger ends, for Dumps got away with most of his victuals, digitatedly, it crept up his legs, and out onto his arms, and reaching the tempting digits, commenced to lick them, which process in time awoke Dumps, who seized the mouse instantaneously.

Dumps was pleased with the little house thief, and sparing its life, he trained and domesticated it, until, becoming accustomed to Dumps' society, mousey roamed through the apartments at will, and by its many little capers became a great favorite with the old man. To harm or look cross-eyed at that mouse would be the signal for Dumps to storm you with abuse.

Now, it happened that Dumps had a near neighbor, living at a distance, whom he entertained a great love and respect for. That neighbor had a tom-cat, a tom of gigantic proportions. That cat saw Dumps' mouse, and Dumps swore to annihilate him. If Dumps ever loved his neighbor, Clumps, he loved him now the more, on account of that cat.

"Blarst that animal," said Dumps, one day, espying the cat upon the roof of his wood shed, "if old Clumps don't be keertful of his tom, he'll hear of a cat-astrophe round here—git out, yer blood sucker!" and the infuriated Dumps let loose a gridiron at feline, who, aware of Dumps' intent to kill, vacated the spot he was occupying to make room for the flying implement of destruction.

"I tell you what it is, neighbor Dumps," said Clumps to our hero one day, meeting in front of the village tavern, "if I catch you chucking brick-bats at my Tom again, there'll be a fight som-where."

"Clumps," responded Dumps, "I'm not to be skeered by your threats of violence; and I say here to your mug, if your d—d four-legged piece of infernal mischief with har on, trespasses on my premises, with malice aforethought, I'm dog-routed if I don't annihilate him."

"You will?"

"Sartin as grease."

"Then we'll fight."

"An' I'll wallop the devil out of ye."

"We'll see."

"So we shall," and each went his way, with passion wild.

About two days subsequent to this meeting, a number of the village boys called upon Dumps to express their disgust for Clumps, who, they avowed, deserved a flagellation at his hands for the base language employed at the tavern, derogatory to Dumps.

"An' what has the cussed fool been sayin' of me now?" inquired Dumps.

"He calls you an imposter, a leech, and a dangerous character, that nobody knows nothing about," answered one of the party.

"And said that he could tan your hide in two minutes," edged in another.

"What for?"

"For promising to kill his cat."

"Ah! I've kept the promise; the darned pesky varmint is dead—dead as a bar-door; an' what's more I'm going to stuff her skin and send it to Clumps with my compliments."

"One of the party slipped out to hunt up Clumps."

"How'd you kill it?"

"Powder and ball, darn his impudence. Why do you know I had a dear little mouse here, that I caught, and tamed, and that d—d tom cat, takin' his chances when my back was turned, popped onto it, but before the devil could git away, hekin' his jaws, I sped a bullet into his carcass from the rear. Didn't he jump though. See there on the wall how his dirty blood painted it! Guess old Clumps can have all the satisfaction out of me he wants."

As Dumps concluded this speech, Clumps appeared at the door, and stepping in, said:

"Dumps, you have killed my Tom, and I've come to take it out of you."

"Oh! you have, have yer? Well, if you are disappointed in having a 'turn-up,' 'twon't be my fault. Git in!" and Dumps put up his hands.

"Let's go down to the swamp," cried Clumps.

"Jist as yer say, to oblige yer." So the whole party made for the swamp, a distance of about a mile from the village.

The spot selected for the combatants was an appropriate piece of ground elevated above the surrounding cess-pools that abounded in the swamp. Arriving there, each man was stripped to the buff, and choosing seconds without any other preliminaries, they advanced to the scratch and commenced the fight.

Dumps stood perfectly erect, with his hands well up, while his adversary assumed an attitude quite unprofessional, which indicated a lack of knowledge in the fistic art. Dumps viewed his man cautiously and remarked:

"Clumps, I fit before!" and fainting with his left, let drive his right, landing it plump on Clumps' mouth, who tried a counter, but missed, the force of the power used sending him to the rear of Dumps, who, seeing the tempting posterior of his foe presented to him, raised his foot, and applying his boot to the part, sent Clumps headlong into a pool, where he floundered like a fish in the mud, yelling for assistance to drag him out. Once more onto his plus, Clumps, after being scraped down, faced Dumps again, who, by an adroit movement, caught him under the left ear, which was returned, almost sending Dumps to grass.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Dumps, rather astonished at the hit; and riled at the pain, he closed with Clumps, and tried the fibbing dodge, but it wouldn't work, so he changed tactics, and threw his man; and before they could be separated, both rolled into the morass, locked in each other's arms.

"Let go my har!" shouted Dumps.

"See—your d—d first!"

"Pull 'em out, somebody, or they'll smother!" shouted one of the crowd excited.

The combatants, unconscious of their critical position, rolled over each other, their feet scattering the mud in all directions; and the more they rolled, the deeper did they sink into the filthy mass. At last the struggle terminated. Dumps got Clumps securely beneath him, and taking a handful of the mud, splattered it into his eyes and mouth, and rolled himself to hard ground, saying, "I told yer I fit before."

Clumps extricated himself, scrambled to the bank, and with assistance regained a foothold on terra firma.

"Yer licked, Clumps, ain't yer?" asked Dumps.

"Mought be," returned Clumps, doggedly.

"An' then yer moughtn't, eh?"

"Jist so."

Bang! went something, and Clumps fell like a dead man.

"Lie there," and Dumps started to leave the spot, but was prevented by the crowd.

"Oh! that's yer game, is it?" said Dumps, "you'll stop me from gittin' home, will yer? Well, the first man on yer that attempts to stand in my way, may find himself soon on the way to glory." So saying, in defiance to the crowd who would have detained him for no good intent, he exhibited a pistol.

"She's loaded, boys, killed Clumps' cat, might kill another one." And he was allowed to proceed from the spot.

When Clumps was restored to consciousness, it was ascertained that his jaw was broken in two places. The matter was hushed up for a time.

Three months afterwards, Dumps perished by fire. His cottage was fired by the hand of an incendiary, but to this day no one has been suspected of the work. It was evident that there was something secret between Dumps and his neighbor, but none could trace it out. Bad men when death is at hand, make good confessions. Clumps still lives.

LONDON HORSE SHARPERS.

TOMMY, THE CLEVER LITTLE GROOM.

"There's a lot of quality, substance, breeding, and fashion, rarely to be equalled, and never surpassed under the sun, sir, and if they would pass a veterinary surgeon's examination would fetch me at least 500 guineas," said a plausible man, of respectable exterior, to a young gentleman who had more money than wit. He was just of age, and had applied to the cooper, who had advertised, in a morning paper, "Two pairs of fashionable, high-stepping, clever and bay carriage horses for sale, in consequence of the decline of the London season." The pair in question were dark bays, standing nearly seventeen hands high, fine steppers, and in blooming condition. They had been matched by the cooper and his confederates, and trained to work well together, but they had never been driven as a "pair" in a gentleman's carriage. One was a confirmed "roarer," and the other a rank "piper." They had been selected and purchased solely for coping purposes, and belonged to that class known in the horse trade as "flatcatchers," their joint value (except for that purpose) not being more than about £20.

"Why won't they pass a veterinary surgeon's examination?" inquired the gentleman.

Coper—"They appear to be the least in the world 'touched in their wind'; but with a groom who understands the treatment of this little infirmity in horses, it would never be perceived, sir; and, in the course of a month, I have no doubt that any veterinary surgeon will pass him sound. The groom, who has had them in his care, has been feeding them with mouldy hay and musty oats giving them large quantities of the provender just before they were ordered out, and thus distended their stomachs with undigested food so as to make it appear, when they were driven fast, as if they were affected in their wind, to serve his own purposes."

Gent—"Indeed! what purposes could he have to serve by so wantonly depreciating his master's property?"

Coper—"Why, sir, it is customary when a gentleman purchases horses from a dealer to make the groom and coachman a present. This pair of horses were bought from a dealer who has made a stand against the custom, and the result is, the slow but sure revenge which the groom practised; and by this he succeeded in prejudicing his master against the horses. The dealer refused to take them back, knowing they were sound when he sold them. The gentleman had them sold by auction, and is now suing the dealer for the difference in price, on a 'breach of warranty.' I bought them at the sale a bargain, and will sell them again as such. My opinion is that they are a pair of as sound animals as ever lived."

Gent—"But where can I find a groom who will be honest to me, and who would properly understand the treatment of these horses, if I were to purchase them?"

Coper—"I happen to know one who perfectly understands his business, and you are lucky, I expect him here every minute."

Gent—"Well, on those conditions, I will buy the horses, provided we agree as to the price. I think you said 150 guineas in your advertisement. I suppose you mean 140?" (This the young gentleman says very good humoredly.)

Coper—"Why, yes, I'll take that amount. Of course you will take them like a man takes his wife—with all their faults?"

Gent—"Certainly; but you must exchange them if they don't suit."

Coper—"Oh, dear, yes, with pleasure! But no fear of their not suiting."

Enter Tommy, the man whom the cooper recommended as a clever groom. Tommy, though, is one of the confederates, a downy-looking, county-clipped-headed individual, who, with a jenny in one hand and a life preserver in the other, would sooner pass as a clever "crackman" than a "groom." He stands at a respectful distance in the yard, playing with a goat. He is attired in very tight pantaloons, strapped down to a pair of thick-soled boots, big enough for an elephant, although he measures only 5 ft 4 in in his stocking-feet. He wears a very long waistcoat, almost to his knees, and a puzzle-devil kind of a cross, by a jacket out of a coat, his closely-cropped head is covered by a flat-brimmed hat, and around his neck he wears a thunder and lightning style of scarf, in which is prominently displayed a Brummagem pin, with a horseshoe head. Some of his companions call him a "tight little chap," but those who have been in his clutches say that he is a "hell of a fellow."

"Here, Thomas," said the cooper. Tommy obeyed with alacrity, and saluted them both with the back of his forefinger raised to the brim of his hat.

"This gentleman wants to speak to you."

Gent to Tommy: "I understand that you have had some experience in the care of valuable horses."

Tommy: "Yessir, I thought to do. I was brought up in a racing stable."

Gent: "Indeed! Why did you leave it?"

Tommy: "Cos I was too heavy."

A few more questions were answered to the young gentleman's satisfaction, and Tommy was engaged for a month on trial, and at once installed into office by leading to the victim's residence the pair of wretches for which he had given his cheque for 140 guineas.

Tommy did not mind passing a week or two in service as his part of the play; he fed the screws on damped hay and mashes for about ten days, and then it suited his purpose to have some words with his master, and he packed up his traps at once. Another groom (of the same gang) appeared on the scene immediately after. He has heard that the gentleman's groom has left, and begs to be engaged, if only for a few days, referring to the gentleman from whom the horses were bought. But being in immediate want of a groom, he is at once engaged without a reference, and commences to feed the horses on dry corn and hay, giving them an unlimited supply of water, and when they were driven out at a spanking pace by the coachman (who, by this time, had been "touched" with a "teener"), they roared and piped like the band of a

Highland regiment. While standing at the door of the victim's residence, a mischievous stable lad remarked to the coachman that "his horses were werry accomplished, as they understood both 'music and drawing'."

"Beg yer pardon, sir, but I think these here horses gets wusser an' wusser. I feels a'most ashamed ter sit behind 'em. I du, reely, sir," said the coachman, when, after rapping them round the square to keep them in play, he pulled them up suddenly on their haunches, laboring like a pair of blacksmith's blow-bellows in convulsions.

The day after the cooper is sent for, the screws are put to the carriage, and play another time for his edification. "These horses are ruined, sir, by your new groom, for I met Thomas, whom you discharged, who said they were all right and suited uncommonly well. Better exchange them for another pair, and discharge your groom," said the cooper. The victim takes his advice, the horses are exchanged, and one hundred guineas more (to boot) is transferred from the gentleman's account to the canvas bag of the cooper, with an understanding that if "that pair did not suit, he was to have his money back," less ten guineas for their use.

This made a total of 240 guineas paid to the cooper, for which the victim had a pair of horses considerably worse than the first pair, for their infirmity was visible, whereas in the others it was invisible, and of course much better for coping purposes. One of the new pair had a "bone spavin," and the other was "lame in the shoulder," but having had long rest, with very careful exercise, the lameness was not perceptible except to a man of more experience than the victim, but when they were put to work it soon became apparent.

They were accordingly sent back, and the "flat" waited upon Mr. Coper for his 230 guineas according to agreement, but it was not convenient just then to pay him in cash, so he proposed "his acceptance" at two months date.

"But I want the cash to buy another pair of horses," said the victim.

"Oh! I'll get a friend of mine to discount the bill, and as it is for my convenience I'll pay the discount," said the cooper.

Gent: "That will do, so long as I get the money."

The bill was drawn, and the cooper pushed it towards the victim (who was as ignorant about bills as he was of horseflesh), and handing him the pen, said "Just write your name across here." The greenhorn accepted the bill, and shortly after was introduced to another of the gang, at his lodgings in a respectable street, taken for the purpose of carrying out the "swindle."

"Good morning, Mr. Gripen, just 'do' this little bill," said the cooper. "Certainly," said the confederate, and the victim receives the money. So far he is impressed with a capital opinion of Mr. Coper, never thinking he is liable on the bill.

"Now," said that worthy, "we are all straight, sir, but if you can only wait until the day after to-morrow I'll show you such a pair of horses as you never saw in your life. They are coming to me to be sold on commission for a gentleman who is off to the Continent; they cost 450 guineas six months ago, and I am instructed to sell them for 300 guineas, and although I promised the Marquis of S— that he should see them first, you shall have them if you think proper." The victim consented to wait, and was once more in the net of the wily cooper, who eventually sold him another pair of screws for 300 guineas. This (with the bill of exchange) amounted to £556 10s, with which the cooper "made tracks." The horses were soon proved to be worthless, and when the bill became due it was dishonored; but Mr. Gripen sent a sharp letter to the victim, who finally paid the money, with a considerable bill for cost.—*London Sporting Life*.

PHYSICAL TREATMENT.

Mother and nurse putting their heads together, and having in mind certain indulgences in the shape of sweetmeats which young Hopeful has been permitted to revel in the day previous, come to the conclusion that it would be prudent to give him, by way of corrective, a little of time-honored combination and chiefest of all domestic remedies—senna and salts. The nauseous draught is ready, and nurse taking Johnny on her knee, advances it to his mouth; but no sooner does the odour reach his nostrils, than he starts back with a loud cry. Nurse and mother in vain endeavor to persuade the child to swallow the sickly stuff. Tossing about, kicking, and shrieking, he sets the best-intentioned efforts at defiance. Sixpences and shillings tempt not, sweetmeats he repudiates with scorn, and promises of marvellous toys fall unheeded upon his ears. The nurse begins to be vexed and imperative, and the mother looks distressed. The draught must be taken. The necessity is awful, but absolute. Both nurse and mother recognise the terrible struggle now involved in the administration. The nurse would, however, terminate the contention at once by main force, but the mother still hopes to succeed by gentler means. "Johnny, you must take the physic," exclaims the nurse, with a significant shake of the child. "I won't," shrieks Johnny. "Don't hurt him, nurse," cries the mother, the tears forming in her eyes. "Johnny dear, won't you take it to please me?" "No-o-o!" blubbers Johnny. "You naughty boy," says nurse, "I must send for your father," cries the mother. And in the end the father is called from his dressing room, having been duly impressed with the gravity of the occasion. With a big voice, but a faint heart, he confronts the recalcitrant child, cup in hand. "Johnny, you will take this from me," "No," retorts Johnny, with a kick and a sob. "Then I shall whip you, Johnny;" but the threat makes no impression. "What must be done?" then asks the nonplussed father, now utterly hopeless. "Make him take it," answers the nurse, in a peremptory tone; "what's the use of trifling with him in this way?" A housemaid is called up to aid. The nurse throws Johnny on his back over her knees, he screaming loudly. The housemaid holds him tightly by the arms and shoulders, the mother secures the legs, the father steadies the body. Then the nurse, seizing the nose of the child between the thumb and finger of the left hand, compresses his nostrils until he opens his mouth widely, whereupon she pours into it the abominable draught. Part is swallowed, but the greater part is sputtered out, bespattering the housemaid's neat print dress, and the nurse's face. The nurse is put out of temper for the day on account of the naughtiness of the child; the mother is vexed that he had to be dealt with so severely; the housemaid is annoyed because her clean dress is spoiled; the father is tetchy because his maternal bloater happening to be ready for him before he was ready for it, has become lukewarm; and the cook is indignant, because he was cross with her needlessly. And all this turmoil in the internal economy of the house is but a faint reflex of the turmoil of the unfortunate Johnny's internal economy.

SCOTCH OFFICER AND PLAYER.—Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer, who had been in the same regiment; the latter was happy to meet an old messmate, but his Scotch blood made him ashamed to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him very seriously, "How could you disgrace the corps, by turning player-actor?" Bensley replied, that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people. "And what, maun, said Sawney, do you get by this business of yours?" "I now," answered Bensley, "get about a thousand a year." "A thousand a year!" exclaimed the astonished Scotchman, "have you any vacancies in your corps?"

SPRINGEON is called the Barnum of the Gospel by the *London Spectator*.

TO TELL IF YOU LOVE A GIRL.—Have some tallow-headed chap to go and see her.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO I.

Some thousand years on Time's swift wings have sped,
Since hapless Troy was called to mourn the blow
Which fell upon her perils Helen's head,
And on the east her wailing form laid low!
How many hearts on Ilium's plain there shed
Upon that day, the certain doth not show.
She was beloved by Paris, certain I am,
He was the favorite son of old King Priam.

The beauty of peerless "Helen of Troy" is renowned the world over; and equally renowned is GOURAUD'S DELICIOUS ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, as a detergent and purifier of the skin! No matter how harsh, dark or tanned, freckled, blotched or pimpled the cuticle may be, GOURAUD'S SOAP will make it soft, smooth, white, and transparent as that which was the pride and boast of Ilium's miraculous beauty. Ringworm, salt rheum, barber's itch, redness, and a host of other cutaneous diseases and disfigurements, immediately give way before this miraculous Soap, which is also the most delicious compound imaginable for shaving. GOURAUD'S POUCEUX SCRUBBER is designed for the total extirpation of superfluous hair from any part of the human frame—and this important object it will positively accomplish. GOURAUD'S LIQUID DYE will change red or gray hair the instant it is applied.

Remember! the genuine toilet preparations of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD can only be obtained at his depot, No. 67 Walker street, one door from (not in) Broadway.

Agents—Callender & Co., Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; Bliss, Springfield, &c.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S IMPROVED



BILLIARD TABLES

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1855; Oct. 23, 1856, Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 23, 1859. The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table. Also

"PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—'The Game of Billiards,' 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Address PHELAN & COLLINDER, 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

GREAT BOOKS!!

NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOK

DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A

CATALOGUE

OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.

SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION

THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,

AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY,

Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed.

Address, THOMAS ORMSBY,
Marble Buildings,
86 Nassau Street, New York.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.

J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application. Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address post paid, will receive immediate attention. All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised will be sent, subject to order. Catalogues sent on application. Address J. H. FARRELL, Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles, 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

27-1

BOXING AND SWORD GLOVES, Riding and Shooting

Leggings, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by

HEALY & CO.,

34-1/2 S. E. cor. Fourth and Chestnut sts., Philad'a., Pa.

"WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE"

J. A. WALNUT,

OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,

212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

BOOKS ON LOVE, AS USUAL.—Catalogues sent

free. No fraud practised. JOHN ATCHISON,

24 3/4 N. 93 Duane street, New York.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—OF

ders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.

[6-17] HENRY STEPHENS, 55 Nassau street, New York.

A BROAD FIELD AND NO FAVOR.—Agents, male

and female wanted every where, to engage in the sale of our

New Union Prize Gift Package, which contains an unique assortment of Stationery, a gift of recherche Jewelry. Seventy-five valuable

rewards and a splendid lithographic likeness of

GEN GEO B. MCLELLAN.

And worth double the price asked for the whole. Agents are

making from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. As our terms are very liberal,

and our Packages commanding a ready and extensive sale, there is

no excuse for people crying "hard times." Send at once for Circular.

29-1/2 Address, RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE MONTHLY PAPER,

sent free, postage paid—one year—for six stamps. Address,

29-4-1/2 G. G. BERRY, North Stratford, N. H.

"THE BIGGEST THING OUT"—Send twenty-five

cents, and procure our Great Bijou Package, containing

Sketches, Songs, and a Rich Plate, which alone is worth three times

the money, together with our Catalogues of Gay Books for Gay

Boys. Remember that our Prices Can't Be Beat. Our large de

scriptive Catalogues sent on application to

ELGAR, MORPHY & Co., No. 5 Ann street, New York.

Late Charles Edgar & Co. Late J. B. Morphy & Co.

JAMES GOODWIN, Commission Paper Dealer, No.

110 JOHN STREET, near Cliff New York.

News and Printing Paper manufactured to order at the shortest

notice. 31-1/2

PHUN FOR YOU "OR ANY OTHER MAN!"

Address Box 29 St. Johns, Mich. 32-1/2

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES IN EVERY STYLE.—